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DREAM LIFE IN REAL LIFE

DELHI is a city of contrasts, more sharply defined perhaps than in any other upon earth.

All around the plains are scattered with the memorials of mourning, the decay of dead dynasties, the extinction of empires. For it is as though Delhi were the loadstone city of Asia, drawing to herself and to their doom with a terrible spell the heroic spirits of every nation under Heaven. Almost it might be written across her portals : " Abandon hope all ye who enter here." The atmosphere is heavy with the sound of the clashing of conquerors, the crashing of kingdoms, the annihilation of armies. For the song of Delhi is the song of the Passer By.

But when once we enter the enchanted portals of the Lahore Gate into the Fort, all is changed as by a wizard's spell. The world is once more a place of beauty and life is sweet to live in such surroundings. From the first step through the narrow door in the majestic

facade